

# Choice *Spirits* Delight

P A R T II. B E I N G A

Choice Collection of *NEW SONGS*,

Sung this and the last Season, at Renelagh,  
Vauxhall, Sadler's Wells, the Theatres,  
and in the politest Companies, *viz.*

1. The Unfortunate Maid.

2. LIBERTY.

3. JOHNNY and his Nymph.

4. JOCKEY and POLLY.

5. The Maiden's With.

6. Go-A-Maying.

7. Advice to the Fair Sex.

8. Fie on you ! O Damon.

9. Something NEW.

10. The Fair Married Dames.

11. CÆLIA's Upbraiding.

12. Womanish FANNY.

13. Lovely AMORA.

14. Questioning Maid.

15. The MILK - PAIL

16. The Fav'rite MAN.

17. A Shooting Song.

18. The Tankard of Ale.

19. Totterdown-Hill.

23. The Happy Shepherd.

## *The Unfortunate MAID.*

**I**N Sheffield Park there liv'd and  
dwelt,

A young man fair, I lov'd him well,

He courted me to love again,

Left me in grief and full of pain :

And when that I did send for him,

He laugh'd and said how fond I'd been

And from my company would part,

His words went bleeding to my heart.

I went up stairs unto my bed,

I laid me down but nothing said,

My mistress came to me and said,

What is the matter with my maid ?

O mistress, you do little know

What grief and sorrow I undergo,

Come lay your hands upon my breast,

My panting heart can take no rest.

My mistress cries, what shall I do,

Some help I'll have for you just now.

No help, no help, no help I crave,

A young man sends me to the grave.

Take you this letter into your hand,

And read it, that you may understand:

Carry it to him just now with speed,

Give it to him if he can read.

He took the letter immediately,

And read it o'er while she stood by,

Then he did this letter burn,

Left her in grief to make her moan :

She wrung her hands and tore her hair

Crying, I shall fall into despair,

O fatal death, come pity me,

And ease me of my misery.

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( 2 )

LIBERTY.

**S**ince ev'ry charm on earth combine  
In Chloe's face in Chloe's mind,  
Why was I born, ye Gods to see,  
What robs me of my Liberty.

Until that fatal hapless day.  
My life was lively, blythe and gay,  
Could sport with every one but she,  
Who robs me of my Liberty.

We'll follow Hymen's happy train,  
And every idle care disdain;  
We'll live in sweet tranquility,  
Not wish for greater Liberty.

*Johnny and his Nymph.*

**I**T was in the month of July, (seen  
When meadows were gay to be  
Young Johnny the meadow past by,  
And met his gay nymph on the green  
Her skin like the lilly so fair,

Her cheeks like the roses so red,  
As black a raven her hair,  
Around her shoulders were spread,  
He claspt his fair nymph in his arms,  
She blusht like a rose in the morn,  
And doubted he'd rattle her charms.

But Johnny that action did scorn:  
He told her his chiefest intent,  
It was to make her his wife,  
He nothing but honesty meant,  
He lov'd her as dear as his life,  
He handed her over the green,  
They sat themselves down by a brook  
Where none but young lambskin were  
playing.

And by them example they took.  
Bright Phebus adorned the day,  
The wind whistl'd thro' the trees:  
The fishes were always a playing,  
As if they was pleas'd with the breeze.

**JOCKEY and POLLY.**

**JOCKEY.**

**W**ELL met, dearest Polly, long  
time have I walkt, v (talkt;  
at retirement, of Love have I  
dearest Polly, no longer be thy

Hearken to your swain that is ready to  
die. **POLLY.**

I vow, gentle swain, as I have told  
you before,

I see you with Nancy and several more  
So take now your answer, and plague  
me no more,

Such false swains as you I have met  
with before. **JOCKEY.**

Excuse me but for once, and I will be  
bound, (found,

In such a like fault never more to be  
But constant to you I'll for ever remain  
And shew good examples to ev'ry swain  
**POLLY.**

If I excuse you, subtle swain, I am sure  
To hold to one girl it is out of your  
power, (way

So leave off your flattery, and go your  
To such false swains you I'll have no-  
thing to say. **JOCKEY.**

Once more, cruel nymph, I vow and  
protest, (no jest,

Whate'er I have said, it is true, and  
But since you won't hear me, I'll bid  
ou farewell,

And find out some other that I love as  
well. **POLLY.**

Return, gentle swain, I vow by my life  
Let to-morrow but come, and I'll be  
your wife, (church we'll return,

When the knot it is ty'd, from the  
With love for each other our breasts  
they shall burn. **BOTH.**

Hymen now blest us, to-morrow we'll  
be ty'd. (be your bride,

Than you'll be my husband, and I'll  
For you, dearest Polly, shall lodge at  
my heart, (us part.

All constancy and love till death do  
The Maiden's Wish.

**T**HE other day young Strephon  
Me in a lonely grove; (not  
Upon the verdant turf he sat,  
And told fine tales of love.



He squeez'd my hand with ardent zeal

*I felt the thrilling touch,*

Young love thro' every vein did steal,

All maids would feel as much.

Of every flower then he stole,

A pleasing wreath to bring,

Compos'd of all that May unfolds,

The gayest charms of spring :

Compares the snow drops to my skin,

The roses to my blush ;

If this is flattery, sure 'tis kind,

All maids would wish as much.

From all he cull'd a branch of bays, !

Then on my breast reclin'd,

He swore 'twas emblem of that praise

Which beamed from my mind.

For virtue there he cry'd innate

Few maids can boast of such,

Then kiss my cheeks and blest his fate

What maid won't wish as much.

Fye shepherd, tis too much I vow,

I durst not yet consent,

Cries he, what can prevent us now ?

And wonder'd what I meant.

So sweet his suit, so gay his air,

I yielded to his touch,

Nor could I longer cry forbear,

What maid won't do as much.

*Go a Maying.*

**M**Y daddy w. s. gone to the mar-  
ket two miles, (the while

My mammy was gone to the miller

In came my dear Johnny, and this

was his saying, (Go a Maying

Throw by your wheel Betsey, and let's

I answer'd him no, 'twas a folly to

ask, (me a task,

My mammy at spinning had set me a

Said he, cut the tether, and set the

cow straying, a Maying.

I'll tie her up safely whilst we Go

His method I took, how could I

forbear,

I lov'd him too well to think falsely

he'd swear,

He kiss my lips gently, the fool fell to  
playing, (Go a Maying

The time run so sweetly, we did not

My daddy ne'er askt me a word

where I'd been, (fetch in ;

My mammy It's I'd the Cow to

She said she was sure I'd been some-

where delaying, (a Maying.

But never suspected that I had been

If Johnny proves true, as I think

that he will, (the mill,

The market I'll bless, and I'll honour

And leave my old daddy and mammy

there staying, (Maying.

While I and my Johnny together Go

*Advice to the Fair Sex.*

**Y**E virgins attend, and believe me

your friend,

And with prudence adhere to my plan ,

And with, &c.

Ne'er let it be said, there goes an Old

Maid,

But get married, but get married,

But get married as soon as you can.

As soon as you find your hearts are in-

clin'd

To beat quick at the sight of a man,

Then chuse out a youth with honour

and truth,

And get marry'd, get marry'd, get

marry'd as soon as you can.

For age like a cloud your charms soon

will shroud,

And this whimsical life's but a span,

Then maids make your hay while Sol

darts his ray,

And get married, &c.

The treach'rous rake does artfully take

Every method poor girls to trapan,

But baffle the snare, make virtue your

care, And get, &c.

And when Hymen's bands hath joined

both hands,

Th bright flame still continue to

Ne'er harbour the stings which jealously brings,

But be constant, but be constant, but be constant and blest while you can.

*Eye on you, O DAMON.*

**L**ong time has young Damon, a smart pretty youth,

Profest his love to gay Phebe in truth, And told her besides that if she'd not consent

'Twould cost him his death, which she now might prevent ;

But she ne'er regarding, thus chorust her song, (along.

Fie on you ! O Damon, I pray get Cast down at this menace, thinks he 'tis unkind, (mind,

To use thus a lover, and torture his What can be the meaning, I know not, I vow, (tell how

Things vastly are alter'd, I cannot What the device in my conduct has ever been wrong, (along.

That thus still her tune is, I pray get Not many days after, young Phebe the fair, (the air,

In the fields by herself was a taking And as fortune would have it, 'tis truth I protest, (his best.

Gay Damon he met her, drest out in She seem'd surpriz'd, and repeated her song, (along.

Fie on you ! O Damon, I pray get Why Phebe, my dear, have I done ought amiss ? (more our bliss

Come let us sit down, and increase I should not have thought it, says she, with a frown, (crown,

To sit with you Damon, no not for a Then pusht him away, and again tun'd her song, (along.

Fie on you : O Damon, I pray get Psha ! why that old ditty, let's have something new, (yonder in view

Haste away to the church that stands

Give me hold of your hand, together let's hie, (can't untie

And knit such a knot as the world To this she agreed, and alter'd her song

To well said, O Damon ! lets make haste along.

*Something N E W.*

**I**N all mankind's promiscuous race, The sons of error urge their chace

The wond'rous to pursue ; And both in country and in town,

The curious courtier, cit, and clown, Solicit Something New.

The poets still from nature take, And what is ready made they make,

Historians must be true ; How therefore shall we find a road,

Thro' dissertation, song, or ode, To give you Something New.

They say virginity is scarce, As any thing in prose or verse,

And so is honour too : The papers of the day imply.

No more than that we live and die, And pay for Something New.

We see alike the woeful dearth, In melancholy and in mirth,

Then what must ladies do ? Seek virtue as the immortal prize,

In fine be honest and be wise, For that is Something New.

*The Fair Married Dames.*

**Y**E fair married Dames, who often deplore, (no more

That a lover once blest, is a lover Attend to my counsel, nor blush to be

taught, (ty has caught

That prudence must cherish what bears The bloom of your cheek, and the

glance of your eye, (men sigh

Your roses and lillies may make the But roses and lillies and sighs pass away

And passions will die as your beauties decay, (fav'rite guitar

Use the man that you wou'd like your



together the music in both, they are both apt  
to jar,

How tuneful and soft from a delicate  
touch, (too much.

Not handled too roughly or play'd on  
The sparrow and linnet will feed

from your hand, (at command,  
How fond by your kindness, & come

next with your husbands the same  
happy skill. ( to your will.

Hearts like young birds may be tam'd  
How gay and good humour'd, comply-

ing and kind, (face to your mind,  
Turn the chief of your care from your

is there that the wife may her con-  
quests improve. (Love.

And Hymen shall rivet the fetters of  
*C E L I A's Upbraiding.*

**W**HY Celia, this constant Up-  
braiding?

Why peevish and fretful complain?  
Gentle looks are my dear more per-

swading,  
To fix the fond heart of your swain.

For your beauty I swear I was joking,  
And forc'd from young Phebe a kiss;

How! my dear, this is monstrous  
provoking,

To take such a trifle amiss?  
Give over nonsensical railing,

For every young girl in the town;  
May have you my dear no one failing?

Remember your May-day green gown.  
Do I say there was any harm in

the frolic you had with young Will?  
When you with Philander was flirt-

ed and tripping it over the hill. (ing  
Never was fretful and teasing,

When young Roger I kiss by mistake;  
Suppose your dear self you was plea-

sing,  
Then dancing with Tom at the wake.

May child can you say that I lie,  
With Hodge on the mow you was seen,

Where was you the 19th of July,  
With Harry that lives on the green?

Then cease, prythee cease this reviling  
No more of this wrangling and noise.

But meet me with looks sweetly smiling  
And revel in love's richest joys.

My heart is your own if you'll take it  
But think not to treat it severe,

By Bacchus you never shall break it,  
For in wine I will drown all my care.

*Womanish FANNY.*

**W**HEN Fanny to woman,  
Is growing apace,

The rose bud beginning  
To blow on her face,

For mamma's wise precepts  
She cares not a jot,

Her heart pants for something.  
She cannot tell what.

No sooner the wanton  
Her freedom obtains,

Then among the gay youths,  
A tyrant she reigns;

And finding her beauty,  
Such a power has got,

Her heart pants for something.  
She cannot tell what.

Tho' all day in splendor,  
She flaunts it about,

At court, park, and play,  
Ridotto and rout;

Tho' flatter'd and envy'd,  
She pines at her lot,

Her heart pants for something,  
But cannot tell what.

A touch of the hand,  
Or a glance of the eye,

From him she likes best,  
Makes her ready to die,

Not knowing 'tis Cupid  
His arrow has shot,

Her heart pants for something,  
She cannot tell what.

Ye fair take advice,  
And be blest while you may.

Each look, word, and action,  
Your wishes betray;

Give ease to you hearts,  
By the conjugal knot,  
Tho' they pant e'er so much,  
You'll soon know for what.

*Lovely AMORA.*

**W**hen Lovely Amora displays,  
The beauties and charms of  
her mind. — When, &c.  
With rapt'rous wonder I gaz'd,  
And freely my heart I resign'd.  
With, &c.

Ye fates, then my passion approve,  
Ye powers confine her to me ;  
I'm lost to all joys but her love,  
There's nothing can bless me but the.  
Possessing Amora secures  
Real pleasure, content, & true joy.  
Love founded on reason endures,  
No care can its blessings destroy.  
Don't envy ye powers, my bliss,  
Bestow her, I can ask no more ;  
Her endearments exceed ev'ry wish,  
'Tis only for her I implore.

*Questioning M A I D.*

**G**entle youth, O tell me why  
Tears are starting from my eyes  
When each night with you I part,  
Why the sigh that rends my heart ?  
Gentle youth, O tell me true,  
If it be the same with you ?  
Tell me when the appointed hour,  
Calls us to the secret bower,  
Sighing, trembling, there I run  
Early as the rising sun.  
Tell that hearts for hearts were made,  
And love for love is only paid ;  
That music should in sound convey,  
What d'ring lovers ought to say.  
Tell me when the pain I feel,  
Pungent as the wound of steel ;  
When I feel the trickling smart.  
Why I bless the pointed dart.

*The MILK - PAIL.*

**O**'er half the sky the blushing dawn  
Her purple vest had spread :

When Sally crost the dewey lawn  
With Milk-Pail on her head.  
Her brow as month of April sweet  
Her cheeks were rosy red ;  
Her dress was white and lovely  
As Milk-Pail on her head.  
While nymphs who breathe the air  
Their mornings waste in bed,  
Young Sally sings as sky-lark clear  
With Milk Pail on her head.  
Her sloe black eyes their lustre take  
From virtue inly bred ;  
Her bosom ne'er felt conscious  
Since Milk Pail grac'd her head.  
For courtly dames I ne'er shall find  
But O would Sally wed,  
I'd bless the spot where first we met  
With Milk Pail on her head.

*The Fav'rite M A N.*

**I**f e'er I wed, as most folks do  
My partner I'll describe to you  
To you I'll tell my plan. —  
First honour must his actions guide  
Not meanly low, nor stuff'd with pride  
Must be the fav'rite Man.  
Let fortune moderate gifts dispense  
A little wit, a little sense,  
Will place him in the van ;  
Be his address genteel and free,  
Polite to all, but kind to me,  
Must be the Fav'rite Man.  
To have me ne'er will be the lot  
Of coxcomb, blockhead, fool, or dot,  
They merit a ratan :  
Nor let the rake with wanton eye  
To win my soft affections try,  
He'll be no fav'rite man.  
But love, with fair discretion join  
An easy form, a pleasant mind,  
Will mutual ardor fan ;  
Will mutual, &c.  
And if I taste connubial bliss,  
Or e'er indulge the mutual kiss,  
Such be the fav'rite Man.  
Such be, &c.



*A Shooting S O N G.*

Very mortal some fav'rite pleasure  
pursues, (to Batson's for news  
to White's run for Plays, some  
arch Shutter's droll phiz, others  
thunder applause,  
some triflers delight to hear Nic-  
cols's noise, (thun,  
such idle amusements I carefully  
my pleasures confine to my Dog  
and my Gun.

On as Phebus has finish'd his sum-  
mer's career, (bandman's care,  
his maturing aid blest the hus-  
band when Roger and Nell have en-  
joy'd harvest home,  
their labours all o'er, at leisure to  
roam, (follies I run,  
the noise of the town, and its  
I range o'er the fields with my  
Dog and my Gun.

my pointers all round me sted-  
dily stand, (dog I command,  
there's not a dog stirs, but the  
in the covey he springs and I bring  
down my bird, (afford,  
a pleasure no pastime beside can  
pastime, no pleasure, none under  
the sun. (and my Gun.  
be equal to mine, with my Dog  
in the coveys I've thin'd, to the  
pods I repair, (of all fear,  
I brush thro' the thickets devoid,  
I exercise freely my levelling  
ill, (my bag often fill,  
with pheasants and woodcocks  
in death where I find 'em they  
dom can shun, (my Gun.  
my Dogs are so sure, and so fatal  
spaniels ne'er babble, they're un-  
der command,  
I range at a distance, and some  
hunt at hand,  
in a woodcock they flush, or a  
pheasant they spring.

With heart clearing notes how they  
make the woods ring :  
Then for music let fribbles to Ranelagh  
run, (a Gun.  
My concert a chorus of Dogs and a  
While I hunt o'er the brown russet  
hills and the vales,  
Gay, full of health, breathing untain-  
ted gales, (plate the source-  
Natures beauties I view, and contem-  
And kind providence see in its minutest  
course ;

Then bloods, backs, and pointers enjoy  
all their fun, (a Gun.  
I'll envy them not while I've dogs and  
When at night we chat over the fate of  
the day. (quer'd spoils lay,  
And spread o'er the table my con-  
Then I think of my friends, and to  
each send a part, (my heart,  
For my friends to oblige is the joy of  
Thus the vice of the town and its fol-  
lies I shun, (and my Gun.  
And its pleasure confine to my Dog.

*The Tankard of A L E.*

**N**OT drunk, nor yet sober, but  
brother to both, Vale,  
I met with a man upon Aylesbury Vale  
I saw in his face that he was in good case  
To go and take part of a Tankard of  
Ale. I saw, &c. Fal. lal, &c.  
There's the hedger that works in the  
ditches all day, (tail,  
And labours so hard at the Plough-  
He will talk about things, about prin-  
ces and Kings,  
When once he shakes hands with a  
Tankard of Ale. Fal, lal.  
There's the beggar, that begs from  
door to door, (her tail,  
She has scarce got a rag for to cover  
She's as merry in rags as a miser with  
bags,  
When once she shakes hands with a  
Tankard of Ale.

There's the widow who buried her  
husband of late, (or to wail ;  
Has scarcely forgot how to weep or to  
But thinks every day ten till she's mar-  
ried again,

When once, &c.

There's the old parsons clerk, whose  
eyes are so dark, (can tell,  
And the letter so small that he scarcely  
But he can tell er'ey letter, and sing a  
song better,

When once, &c.

From wrangling and jangling, or all  
other strife, (to fail,  
Or any thing else that may happen to  
From wor s come to blows, and we  
make bloody nose.

But friends again over a Tarkard of  
Ale. But friends, &c. Fal, lal.

*Totterdown Hill.*

**N**ear Totterdown Hill these liv'd  
an old pair,

It may be they dwell there still ;  
Much riches indeed did not fall to  
their share,

They kept a small farm and a mill.  
But fully content with what they had  
got,

They knew not of guile or of art ;  
One daughter they had, and her name  
it was Bet,

And she was the pride of their hearts.  
Nut brown was her locks, her shape it  
was strait,

Her eyes was as black as a sloe ;  
Her teeth were milk white full smart  
was her gait,

And as sleek was her skin as a doe :  
All thick were the clouds, and the rain  
it did pour,

No bit of true blue could be spy'd,  
A child wet and cold come and knockt  
at the door,

Its Mam it had lost, and it cry'd,  
Young Bet was as mil as the mo ning  
in May,

The babe she hug'd close to her  
She chaf't him all o'er, he smil'd as  
lay,

She kist him and lull'd him to  
But who do you think she had got  
her prize,

Why Love, the fly master of her  
No sooner he wak'd but he dropt  
disguise,

And shewed her his wings and  
darts.

Quoth he, I am love, but be not af-  
Tho' all I make shake at my will  
So good and so kind, you have  
my fair maid,

No harm shall you find from my  
My mother ne'er dealt with such  
ness by me ;

A friend you shall find in me still  
Take my quiver and shoot, and  
greater than she,

The Venus of Totter down-Hill

*The Happy Shepherd.*

**A**S Celia near a fountain lay.  
Her eye lids clos'd to sleep,  
The shepherd Damon chanc'd that  
To drive his flock of sheep.

With awful steps he 'proacht the  
To view her charming face,  
Where ev'ry feature wore an air,  
And every part a grace.

His heart inflam'd with am'rous  
Then wisht the nymph would walk  
But ne'er before was any swain.  
So unprepar'd to speak.

As slumbering thus fair Celia lay,  
Soft wishes fill'd her mind ;  
She cry'd, Young Damon come a-  
For now I will be kind.

Damon embrac'd the lucky hit,  
He flew into her arms ;  
He took her in the yielding fit,  
And rifled all her charms.

F I N I S.